

DIPHTHERIA CURE.

WONDERFUL NEW REMEDY FOR A TERRIBLE DISEASE.

Dr. Roux, the French Savant, Tells How the Serum of the Blood of Horses Has Saved Thousands of Human Lives in France.

In a comfortable laboratory, flooded with sunshine, in the Pasteur Institute, in Paris, a New York World correspondent found Dr. Roux, who is the hero of the hour from the fact that he has discovered a cure for diphtheria.

His dark, serious face lighted up with a winning smile as the correspondent saluted him as "the man who is saving 33,000 lives a year in France alone."

"Pardon," he said, quickly, "you exaggerate. It is true that diphtheria and croup claim more than 30,000 victims every year in this country. It is also true that out of 118 children whom I have recently treated for one or the other of those terrible maladies

"I will repeat substantially what I said at the Medical Congress at Budapest the other day. My co-workers, MM. Martin and Chailion, and I, maintain, after a series of careful experiments extending through three years, that by the use of the serum separated from the blood of horses which have been previously vaccinated against diphtheria we have succeeded in lowering in such large proportion the mortality of children attacked by diphtheria or croup, that the malady may be considered as conquered. We are beyond peradventure now. But what we wish specially to do is to impress upon the minds of mothers everywhere the need of flying at once to the remedy, the moment the diphtheria declares itself. Otherwise we shall continue to have such discouraging results as at the Trousseau Hospital.

"This is what should be done," he went on. "When a child complains of a sore throat an examination should be instantly made. If the mucous surface shows little white spots scattered over it a physician should be called without delay. The white spots may be indications of a simple quincy,

poor children here when the family doctor says that the attack has become so serious for him and that the patient must go to the hospital), the remedy



DR. ROUX.

is given in vain. Neither must it be supposed that the serum has any power to cure other diseases which the sufferer may have concurrently with diphtheria.

"How did you happen to hit upon the serum of the blood of the horse as a remedy for diphtheria?"

"We never come upon anything by chance, here," answered Dr. Roux. "Everything is the result of patient, even wearisome research. I first became connected with Pasteur when he was experimenting with a view to the discovery of the anti-hydrophobic vaccine. Naturally we experimented upon all kinds of animals, and I came on some facts about the horse which led me later to choose that animal as the one for the anti-diphtheria experiments. Then came the moment of those terrible first experiments upon human beings with Pasteur's new vaccine matter. The good old savant, engrossed in his researches, had omitted to put himself right with the local faculty of medicine in the matter of his grades, and he was forbidden to undertake the vaccination of persons who had been bitten by mad dogs without the assistance of a doctor who would assume the responsibility for the operations."

"Did you feel any trepidation when you undertook the task and supervised and made yourself responsible for the first vaccinations?"

"I never had a moment's hesitation, nor an instant's doubt. And the triumph of Pasteur's principles in successfully grappling with hydrophobia by vaccination was a proof to my mind that the other victories now at hand could be achieved."

"And how do you obtain the serum?"

"Well, we will now return to our friend, the horse. The great number of experiments made in our laboratory showed that of all animals capable of furnishing anti-diphtheritic serum in large quantities the horse was the easiest to vaccinate. He supports the 'toxine' much better than the dog or than ruminating animals. Nothing is easier than to draw from the jugular vein of a horse, as often as one wishes, great quantities of pure blood from which a perfectly limpid serum separates."

"And is the horse sacrificed?"

"Not at all. The operators of the Pasteur Institute have horses from the jugulars of which they have drawn blood more than twenty times, and the vein remains as supple as at the first 'drawing.' The animals used for this purpose are nearly all young horses, sound and with excellent appetites. They are bled once a month, and at each operation a little more than four quarts of blood, capable of furnishing half that quantity of serum, is taken from them."

"Is there any cruelty in the operation?"

"No. The bleeding causes no pain, and the animal is not much enfeebled if the specified quantities are not exceeded. There is a 'but'—and here the doctor paused.

"Some drawback, do you mean?"

"The drawback of expense is the only one. I was about to say—'But' if we are to be expected to cure all the cases of diphtheria and croup in Paris, we shall need a smart cavalry brigade. You see, it requires nearly seven-eighths of a pint of serum to cure the croup. The preparation of serum is costly, and our hospitals for children would find the new cure a tremendous drain upon their resources were it not for the public subscription which the Figaro has started, and which has already yielded nearly 50,000 francs. The money is to be used in providing sufficient quantities of the serum. Baron Edmond de Rothschild alone has given 20,000 francs for this purpose."

"As for the serum," continued Dr. Roux, "we have demonstrated that it will keep for a year if protected from the light. We hope to show that its possible duration is much longer. At any rate it can soon be had in proper quantities almost everywhere. No nobler disposition could be made of surplus money by a millionaire than to secure the supply of the precious fluid which will every year save tens of thousands of young lives."

Napoleon's campaign made 1,000,000 French women widows and 3,000,000 children fatherless.



DRAWING BLOOD FROM THE JUGULAR OF A HORSE.

I have saved 110. That is, we think, a very pretty reduction of the mortality from the old rates."

"It is so wonderful that the mothers of France ought to build you a monument of gold."

The smile swept over the dark face again. "Yet we are only on the threshold of success. At the Trousseau Hospital, where the mortality among the children used to be sixty-three per cent.—think of it, monsieur, sixty-three per cent.—it has been reduced since the introduction of our treatment of diphtheria and croup to twenty-four per cent."

"At the Hospital of the Enfants Malades," continued the doctor, "where I have been experimenting with my—shall I call it my discovery?—for three years, the average mortality has been lowered from eleven to one per cent. This is a good confirmation of the value of our remedy."

The young savant's face was now aglow with enthusiasm. Here was a man who took as much pride in saving life as successful generals take in destroying it.

The World correspondent asked Dr. Roux to tell how he came upon the astonishing and beneficent discovery. "Tell how it is that you, pupil of the great Pasteur, have gone ahead of your master. If I were he I could find it in my heart to be jealous of you!"

The doctor held up his hand with

or they may be the first symptoms of croup.

"In either case, the physician should at once give the child a subcutaneous injection of the anti-diphtheritic serum. If the attack is one of quincy simply, the remedy will do no harm. If it is diphtheria, the serum will infallibly effect a cure."

"Infallibly?"

"I have just told you that the statistics at the Hospital of the Enfants Malades show that since the use of the serum in diphtheria cases where there is no complication with other maladies, the average of mortality has been lowered from eleven to one per cent. Contrast this with nearly seventy per cent. of mortality where the old-fashioned treatment alone is used."

Dr. Roux is deeply in earnest. "Give us just the chance that we ought to have—fair play against the disease," he says, "and we will conquer it every time."

The correspondent remarked that diphtheria is a disease about which every mother has a different theory.

"There are many vulgar errors concerning it," said the doctor. "Nine times out of ten diphtheria does not kill, as is generally supposed by suffocation. The false membranes which develop at the back of the throat rarely cause total obstruction of the respiratory canal, and even if they did, tracheotomy could save the patient."



INJECTING AN INFANT DIPHTHERIA PATIENT WITH THE SERUM.

the mock Parisian gesture of dissent. "Pasteur could not be jealous. He is too greatly simple for that. He rejoices in the success of his pupils as much as in his own. And he enjoys his own solely because it is of benefit to humanity. Besides, we owe all that we have and owe to him. It is by following his methods that we have at last come upon a new truth, which certainly will save great numbers of lives. In America diphtheria is a great scourge. I have heard. Well, the serum treatment cannot fail to be of immense advantage there."

"Briefly, what do you claim?"

"But the diphtheritic microbe, which swarms on these false membranes, secretes a poison that, sooner or later, according to the virulence of the attack, must contaminate the blood. My pupil Tassin and I claim to have been the first to discover this 'toxine,' and to have proved that diphtheria patients die from poisoning."

"Now, the subcutaneous injection of the anti-diphtheritic serum confers immediate immunity, but acts as an antidote only at the end of several hours, so that if the ravages of the 'toxine' are too far advanced (and this is pretty generally the case among

Gentle Reproof.

Among the many anecdotes which illustrate the rare character of William Augustus Muhlenberg is one which is told of him at the time he taught in Flushing Institute.

He was most unassuming of his own faults, even before his scholars, where they were concerned in the circumstances. One of them, a young man very dear to him, often told in after years how, after administering a severe rebuke to him one day, Mr. Muhlenberg at night put into his hand a little box which contained money, and a brief note in which he deplored that he had "lost his temper in the morning, and spoiled his admonition by impatient tones and ugly looks."

The note went on to say, "These accounts are not to be settled between ourselves, but as a peace-offering, let me give you this Charity Box, to which I will add something every time I offend in a similar way, and about the use of which I promise not to inquire. By this penance of love, my infirmities may at least be the occasion of your benevolence."

This arrangement, while it was undoubtedly a genuine expression of his grief and humility, may have also been one of his loving and ingenious ways of impressing upon the mind of his scholar the ground of the morning's reproof—the fault he wished to guard against and overcome.

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tue into vice, or the reverse, at any
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the composed faces and the regu-
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error within the forty days allowed
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purpose. Consequently on Mon-
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drunk and thus delayed the copy-
ing of the record. Douglas suffered
the consequence, but the Steno-
grapher should be made to take
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VOL. 12, NO. 27.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1895.

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Deputy Sheriff, R. K. Burns.
Clerk County Court, S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co Court, G. M. Kee,
A. Barlow.
County Surveyor, George Baxter.
Coroner, George P. Moore.
Justices, A. C. L. Gatewood, Split
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Thomas Bruffey, Lobelia.

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PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel.
All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.,
RESIDENCED AT
FREET, W. VA.

Calls promptly answered.

How are times in Pocahontas? Does anybody know. Is there no money in the county or is it just hoarded away. There was a time, which the youngest of us can remember, when a man could count on getting money at a certain time in the future. He could count on it so surely that he could spend his bottom dollar and be easy in his mind. Now-a-days a man is afraid to pay his debts for fear that there will be a more urgent need of a little cash the next day. Money will spend itself, they say, but while money is dribbled out, here and there, the county will not be flooded with currency—the state of affairs we so fervently desire. In those days not so long ago if a man had fifty dollars he was not afraid to spend it, knowing there was more where that came from. Now if he has fifty dollars he does not spend it, nor does he even want any one to know he has it. The lack of confidence is as great a drag on a farming country like ours as it is in great commercial centers, with the difference that in the Stock Exchange men go in for making fortunes, and with us, for making livings. The farmers are notorious for being in debt partly because they do not make a great deal in the clear, but more especially because their land is the best security in the world, and their road to debt is made easy, by willing creditors. There is another trouble, too, they do not owe each other. Their debts are due the merchants, which really means they owe the wholesale dealers in Baltimore, or some other distant city. We smile sometimes when we see an exception to the rule—one of our farmer friends who would break his neck in his hurry to pay a debt of twenty-four hours standing. But he has had plenty of object lessons to teach him all his life the horrors of being in debt. Some men have never known what it was to be free. They inherited the encumbrance with their estate; they spend their lives in its shadow; and die at the very place they began. It is too much like swimming against a current. Interest is the nightmare. Money on interest, and there is a world of it, doubles itself in about sixteen years. Has this vast wealth of wild land brought the owners anything in sixteen years? What other property increases and yields without constant labor or other expenditure? Thirty years ago a man may have paid one thousand dollars for a tract of land that he cannot sell for more now. He can not see but that he would have lived as easily without it. Let us calculate what his money would have been worth to him lent thirty years ago, he having pursued the simple plan of renewing the notes every ten years, at six per cent interest, making four notes. 1865 it is \$1000; 1875, \$1600; 1885, \$2500; 1895, \$4196. Here is a lesson for us. The men around us who are in debt, whose case is hopeless, are those who have no money of their own drawing interest to offset the interest running against them. They will know the relief of owing no man a dollar some day, and of having no property to worry them. Times are bound to get better, and people will be paid with their money more easily, though the Sheriff may ride all day and not get a dollar now. Just now we are living on credit, which means

that there is going to be a time in the future when money is to come in and pay up these accounts. Another year may see a railroad here, and the timber being marketed. While it is going it may be a short life but it will be a merry one. May next summer find every one of us with a pocketful of money.

Hicks is greatly blamed with making this winter so rough. His February forecasts are such as strike terror to the soul of the survivor. The storms originating in January will subside by the 2d, and the cold wave following them will have crossed the country to the Atlantic. Along about the 5th or 6th reactionary storms will set in, which will be continued about the 7th, 9th, and 13th. Along these dates hard storms will occur. Snow in the north, rain in the south, threatening and unsettled weather. Cyclones and tornadoes are among the probabilities. Quick and extreme changes to very cold will follow all storms this month. The 17th and 18th will bring storms with changes to warmer. The bad time, though, is the 22d to 24th, when we are to have storms long to be remembered. This storm is to cap the climax of the winter. Look out for awful floods and ice. Fellow sufferers, we are in the grip of Jupiter, with Mars and Venus cutting in. The moon when full on the 9th is in Perigee, and not responsible for its actions. Get in a lot of wood and "stand by!"

Through the kindness of Mr. S. A. Cunningham, proprietor, we are in receipt of the late numbers of the *Confederate Veteran*. As would be implied by the name, this beautiful magazine is published in the interests of Confederate veterans and kindred topics. It is tastefully illustrated and filled with matter dear to the heart of an old soldier.

To come to the practical part of this matter, this magazine can be secured for the sum of one dollar per year, and there is not an old soldier in the county but what should send in a subscription. The cause that failed is still a sacred cause to him, and year by year he fights his old battles over again. This periodical is the official organ of 500 camps, and has a wonderful circulation extending over the whole of the South.

On the title page we find these lines:

"Though men deserve, they may not win success.

"The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less."

Subscriptions may be sent to the address of the *Veteran*, Nashville, Tenn., or if left at this office will receive prompt attention.

To fully realize the flight of time you must get one of these pad calendars, such as the Pope Man'g. Co. send out each year, from which you have to tear off a sheet every day. Some morning you will raise your hand to tear the leaf off and be startled to see that it has been twenty days, or ten days since you touched it last. You remember perfectly that you were tearing off the leaves, as you thought, tolerably regularly. As you think about it you begin to believe you are being cheated out of part of your time, and, like maiden ladies, be old before you know it.

A business seldom amounts to much to give all the employees the credit they claim.

GRANDMOTHER GRAGG.

A Remarkable Old Lady; has 110 Descendants Living. A Sketch of Her Life.

Special Correspondence.

BACK ALLEGHANY, W. VA., January 28th, 1895.—Mrs. Gragg, the subject of this sketch, living in this neighborhood, was born in Pendleton County in 1808, being at this time 87 years of age. At nineteen she married Zebulon Gragg from which union she reared thirteen children. She has lived in the counties of Pendleton, Highland, Pocahontas, Lewis, Ritchie, and Gilmer. For thirty years she has been a widow. Her husband is remembered by the older people of Pocahontas as being the most accomplished boxer and fighter of his day. He was never whipped but once, and that time he encountered one William Keister, of Pendleton County. Keister was a man weighing over two hundred pounds. Gragg weighed 135 pounds. Gragg in parrying one of Keister's blows, had his arm broken. Keister could hit with the force of a sledgehammer. Mrs. Gragg is a member of the Lutheran Church, having been confirmed in her eighteenth year by Pastor Reamen-chneider, and has thus been a consistent christian for sixty-nine years. She has living at this time sixty-four grandchildren and thirty-three great-grandchildren. She is never idle, putting in most of her time knitting. She does not use spectacles. About twelve years ago an accident deprived her of the power of walking. Still she is far from being a burden on any one, and sits quietly in her arm chair all day, and can dress and undress herself without assistance. On being asked if she did not get very tired of sitting still, she replied, "Oh no! I am used to it." She is an interesting talker, and your correspondent has passed many moments in pleasant conversation with her.

Adventure in China.

Mr. A. Sydenstricker who, went from this county as a missionary to China, writes of an attack made upon him by some stragglers of the Chinese army. His letter is dated on November 24th, at Tsing-Kiang-Pu. He had made an excursion to some out stations, and with Mr. H. W. White, another missionary, was in danger of being mobbed in the city of Hsu-Chow-Fu. They escaped by rushing into the residence of an official, and were furnished an escort out of the city the next day.

On his way back he received news of the war and state of affairs at Peking, and word from Chin-Kiang that the foreign ladies and children had better go down. This aroused him to hurry on alone. He was traveling in a cart drawn by a mule. He met thousands of soldiers straggling to Peking, but was not molested until within about ten miles of his destination.

Here two soldiers jumped into the cart, and said it was theirs. The missionary made resistance, and they caught hold of the mule and swore they would kill him. One of them struck him some heavy blows with his sword, but the padded Chinese costume of the missionary saved him from being hurt. Then the other soldier picked up a pole five or six feet long, and struck at him. The first stroke missed, but the second fetched him a stunning blow, but which was not serious. Seeing that this assailant really meant murder, the missionary escaped, leaving the cart and mule in their hands.

From the letter Mr. Sydenstricker has evidently left the interior by this time. He speaks of the country as being in an uproar with no chance for him to work. The letter ends with these words:

"I hope our people at home will not be uneasy about our safety. We try to be prudent, but at the same time faithful to the work. We are immortal till our work is done."

An Indian Raid.

The following from *Stewart's Memoir*, is an account of an Indian raid on the early settlements of Greenbrier Valley. The course of their travels lay between Greenbrier county and Rockbridge, and it is almost certain that the route lay by this place. The following account is taken from reprint in the *West Virginia School Journal* where it is credited to "Lewis' History of West Virginia."

"The Indians commenced hostilities in 1763, when all the settlements in the Greenbrier valley were totally cut off by a party of Indians headed by the Cornstalk warrior. The chief settlements were on Muddy creek. The Indians, in number about sixty, introduced themselves into the people's houses under the mask of friendship, and every civility was offered them by the people, providing them with victuals and accommodations for their entertainment, when, on a sudden, they killed the men and made prisoners of the women and children. Then they passed over into the Levels, where some families were collected at the house of Archibald Clendenin where they were entertained, as at Muddy creek, in the most hospitable manner. Clendenin having just arrived from a hunt, with three fat elks, they were plentifully feasted. In the meantime an old woman with a sore leg was showing her distress to an Indian, and inquiring if he could administer to her relief; he said he thought he could; and drawing his tomahawk, instantly killed her and all the men almost that were in the house. Conrad Yokam only escaped by being some distance from the house, when the outcries of the women and children alarmed him. He fled to Jackson's river and alarmed the people, who were unwilling to believe him until the approach of the Indians convinced them. All fled before them; they were pursued to Carr's creek, in Rockbridge county, where many families were killed or taken by them. At Clendenin's a scene of much cruelty was performed; a negro woman, who was endeavoring to escape, killed her own child, who was pursuing her crying, lest she might be discovered by its cries. Mrs. Clendenin did not fail to abuse the Indians with terms of reproach, calling them cowards, although the tomahawk was drawn over her head with threats of instant death, and the scalp of her husband lashed about her jaws. The prisoners were all taken over to Muddy Creek, and a party of Indians retained them there until the return of the others from Carr's Creek, when the whole were taken off together.

On the day they started from the foot of Keeney's Knob, going over the mountain, Mrs. Clendenin gave her infant child to a prisoner woman to carry, as the prisoners were in the centre of the line with the Indians in the front and rear, and she escaped into a thicket and concealed herself until they all passed by. The cries of the child soon caused the Indians to inquire for the mother, who was missing; and one of them said he would soon bring the cow to her calf. Taking the child by the heels, he beat its brains out against a tree, and throwing the body down in the path, all marched over it until its entrails were trampled out by the horses. She said she returned that night in the dark to her own house, a distance of more than ten miles, and covered her husband's corpse with rails which lay in the yard where he was killed in endeavoring to escape over the fence with one of his children in his arms. Then she went to a cornfield, where great fear came upon her, and she imagined she saw a man standing by her within a few steps.

The Indians continued the war until 1754, and with much depredation on the frontier inhabitants, making incursions as far as within a few miles of Staunton."

THE CROAKER.

When it ain't a-goin' to blow
It'll snow,
It'll snow!
When the land with cash is hummin',
There's a money panic comin'!
When the sky is beamin' bright,
There's a hurricane in sight!
And you'll know,
And you'll know,
It was him who told you so!
When the crops are growin' fine,
They'll decline,
They'll decline!
When the weather's kinder sunny,
All the best will melt the honey!
When it's lookin' rather wet,
It will drown the cotton yet!
And you'll know,
And you'll know,
It was him who told you so!
It's a great one in his way
Every day,
Every day!
He is always prophesying:
You are either dead, or dying;
And no matter what you do,
It's exactly as he knew!
And you'll know,
Know, know,
It was him who told you so!
—F. L. Stanton.

THE ABANDONED HOUSE.

BY FRANCES COPPEE.

FOR fifteen years I passed nearly every day, and sometimes twice a day, through a little street situated at the extreme limit of the Faubourg St. Germain, and ending in one of those magnificent boulevards which radiate about des Invalides. It was one of those very rare Parisian by-ways where there is not a single shop. I do not know a more tranquil spot. Several gardens, enclosed in long low walls overhung with branches, shed over the deserted street in May the delicate odor of lilacs; in June, the heavier perfume of elderflowers and acacias.

Among these was one abode even more isolated than the others. When the porte cochere opened to admit a landau or coupe, the pedestrian (who heard the echo of his steps on the sidewalk) saw only a graveled road, bordered with a hedge which turned abruptly toward a house hidden amid the verdure. It would have been difficult to find a corner more secluded. The place contained neither gardener's house nor porter's lodge—nothing but that nest in the foliage.

The pavilion was inhabited. The garden, gay with flowers, always carefully attended to, was a proof of that. In winter, the smoke from the chimneys rose to the gray sky, and in the evening a light shone dimly behind the thick curtains, always closely drawn. Several times I saw going or coming through the lattice-door an old servant in somber livery, and with a circumspect, even suspicious, air. Evidently he should gain nothing by interrogating him. Besides, what right had I to trouble with vain curiosity the unknown host or hosts of the closed house?

I respected their secret, but the enigmatical dwelling continued to exercise for me its singular attraction.

One July night, a stifling night, under a dark, heavy sky, I came home about eleven o'clock, and, according to my usual habit, I mechanically turned my steps so as to pass before the mysterious pavilion. The little street, lighted only by three gas jets far apart, which flickered in the heated air, was absolutely deserted. Not a leaf stirred on the trees in the garden. All nature was dumb in the quiet which precedes a storm.

I was in front of the pavilion, when some notes were struck on a piano within and echoed in the motionless air. I noticed with surprise that, doubtless because of the heat, two of the windows were partly open, though not enough for one to see the interior of the apartment. Suddenly a woman's voice, a soprano of wonderful sweetness and power, burst forth upon the silence of the night.

She sang a short melody, of strange rhythm and the most touching melancholy, in which I divined instinctively a popular air, one of those flowers of primitive music which are never gathered in the gardens raked by professional maistris. Yes, it certainly was a folk song, but of what country? I did not recognize the tongue, which the words were written, but I felt there the plaintive inspiration, and I fancied that I detected in them the sad spirit of the North. The air was thrilling, the voice sublime. It hardly lasted two minutes, but I never felt in all my life such a deep musical sensation, and long after the song had died away, I felt still vibrating within me the final melodious note, sharp, penetrating, and, like a long cry of pain. I remained there for a long time in the hope of hearing that delicious voice again, but suddenly a storm burst upon the city. The wind about the trees. I felt a large down

of rain on my hand. I was obliged to make all haste to get home.

Some days afterward I was in the Casino at Dieppe with some jolly companions, and took part in an animated discussion upon music. I praised popular airs, which spring spontaneously from an innocent sentiment. In aid of my theory, I related my adventure.

"What do you think of this air?" I asked Prince Khaloff, a young Russian with whom I was very intimate. "I shall never forget it," I said warmly. I proceeded to sing it indifferently well.

"Well," replied the young prince, "you can congratulate yourself, my dear sir, in having had such a rare treat. That melody is a song of the sailors of Drontheim, away out in Norway, and the beautiful voice must have been that of Stolberg, with whom we were all in love two years ago, when she made her debut in St. Petersburg—that Stolberg was the rival of her countrywoman Nilsson, and who would have become one of the greatest singers of the century if she had not been suddenly snatched from art, from the stage, from success of all kinds by her love for Count Basil Lobanof, at that time my comrade in the Guards, when we were both cornets in the cavalry. Yes, for two years we were without news of Basil. He had given up his commission and left Russia without saying adieu to any one. And we only knew vaguely that he had hidden himself in Paris with his wife; but we were ignorant of the place of his retreat till you now revealed it by chance."

"So," said I, "the wonderfully gifted artist has renounced everything for a little love affair."

"Say rather for a great passion!" cried the prince. "Although very young, Stolberg had had numerous flirtations when she met Lobanof. I was there in the green room on the evening when Basil—who, I should tell you, is as handsome as a god—was presented to her, and I saw the diva pale with emotion, even under her powdered paint. Oh, it was startling, and I thought that she would carry off our young friend that same evening, pell-mell, with the triumphant bouquets, after the fifth act. But immediately he became as jealous as a Mussulman—yes, jealous of the very public when she sang. He was always there in the front seats of the orchestra, and at each burst of applause he turned abruptly, and cast a sombre look over the house. That look seemed to express a desire to slap the whole audience in the face. Everything went wrong. Even when the Czar was present, the prima donna had eyes for no one but Basil—sang always to Basil. That caused trouble behind the scenes, and the poor girl decided to leave the stage. She did so at the end of three months, at the close of her engagement. He married her—and since then they have hidden themselves in Paris, in the retreat which you discovered. They must be dead in love. But I will wager that Basil will get over it. He is built like the Farnese Hercules, and they say poor Stolberg is consumptive. They pretend even that it is disease which gives her voice its wonderful power and extraordinary sweetness and pathos. Her gift is the result of disease, like the pearl. All the same, no matter how much in love with Lobanof the poor girl is, she will die of weariness in that cage in which he keeps her. Then she must sing very rarely, since in the many times you have passed before their house you have heard her but once, that night of the storm. Well, it will end badly."

The conversation turned to other things, and the next day I left Dieppe to go with some friends to Lower Normandy. I had only been there ten days when I read accidentally in a theatrical paper the following notice: "We announce with sorrow the death of Mile. Ida Stolberg, the Swedish cantatrice, who shone so briefly and brilliantly on the stage in Germany and Russia, and who renounced her lyrical career in the midst of her success and has been living quietly in Paris for two years past. She died of pulmonary consumption."

I had never seen Stolberg. Once only had I heard that incomparable voice. Still, the reading of this commonplace notice, which announced to me the fulfilment of Prince Khaloff's dismal prophecy, broke my heart. I knew now the whole mystery of the closed house. It was there that the poor woman had languished and been extinguished, deeply in love, no doubt, but stifled also by the captivity to which she was condemned by the jealousy of her husband. No doubt, also, she was full of regrets for the former triumphs of her abandoned art. The fate of Stolberg seemed so sad to me that I fairly hated the man who had sacrificed her whole life. He seemed to me a fop, an egotist, a brute. I was certain that he would soon condemn himself for the loss of his wife, that he would soon forget the poor dead woman, and that, unworthy of the love which he had inspired, he would also be incapable of grief or fidelity.

On my return to Paris, one of the first persons I met on the Boulevard was Prince Khaloff. I told him how much I had been moved at the news of the

singer's death, and I could not hide from him the instinctive antipathy which I felt toward Lobanof.

"Behold, you people of imagination!" cried the prince. "You were charmed for an instant by this woman's voice, and you feel a posthumous love for her, and a retrospective jealousy of my poor friend. I own to you that I have always thought Basil a more sensual than sensible man, more passionate than tender; but I have seen him since poor Ida's death, and he is a prey, I assure you, to the most horrible and sincere despair. When I expressed my sympathy to him, he cast himself in my arms, and repeated to me, as he wept on my shoulder, that he could live no longer. And it was not pretence. He goes at once to Senegal, to join the Jackson mission, a party of explorers, who will bury themselves, probably forever, in frightful Africa. That is not common, you will own. It is to be feared that fever or cholera, or a shot from the gun of a savage, will end the poor boy's life and sorrows. Take back, I beg you, your rash and premature judgment upon him. Besides, he had before his departure an idea which should certainly seem affecting to you. That pavilion, where he has been so happy and so unhappy, belongs to him. Well, he has closed it forever. Basil wishes that no living being should ever again penetrate that abode of love and sorrow. You can pass there now, and see the house fall into ruin, and on the day when they put a notice upon it, on that day you can say, 'Basil Lobanof is dead.'"

I left the prince, and the next day, reproaching myself for my injustice, I went to see the deserted house. The shutters were closed; the dead leaves of the great plane tree, half-bare (it was the end of autumn), covered the grass of the lawn. Weeds forced their way through the gravelled walk. The work of destruction had begun.

Months passed; a year; then another; then the daily papers were full of the great anxiety felt over the fate of Jackson and his companions, from whom no news had come. You know that even to-day the world is ignorant of the fate of those brave explorers.

Living always in the same vicinity and passing every day before the abandoned pavilion, I say it decay, little by little. The rain of two winters had lashed constantly the plaster of the facade and covered it with a damp mould. Then the slate roof was damaged by wind and rain storms. Dampness attacked everything. Lizards sunned themselves on the wall; the balcony was loosened; the roof bent. The appearance of the poor house became lamentable. As for the garden, it had returned quickly to its savage state. The flowers were not cultivated; the rose-bushes were untrimmed, and had only leaves and branches; the geraniums were dead. The grass had long since disappeared under the dead hay, and the high stalks of the weeds were discolored even by the butterflies. Nothing grew there but thistles and the pale poppy. It was a gloomy spot!

Years rolled on. It was now impossible to hope for the return of the Jackson party. Evidently those intrepid pioneers had succumbed to hunger and thirst in some horrible desert or been massacred by the savages, and Count Basil Lobanof was dead with them, faithful to his Stolberg. The deserted house had fallen absolutely into ruins. The great tree which was near the house, and whose foliage was no longer kept in check by trimming, had thrust one of its immense branches through the window. The shutters had fallen off, and the tree had pushed its way into the interior of the disembowelled house. There might be mushrooms within and even grass growing on the floor of the salon. Each time I passed before the old ruin which had come to the last stages of decay, I thought, abandoning myself to a romantic reverie,—"It is better that it should be so. If he had heard of the count's death, the heirship doubt would have caused steps to be taken at once for its restoration. They would have broken it open brutally and let in the garish light of day, to desecrate those hallowed associations of love and sorrow. Basil Lobanof has done well to disappear, and nature lovingly destroys slowly this old love-nest, and keeps it from profanation."

The other day I saw the ruin again; the branches of the great tree came through the roof, and there were little trees growing in the rocks. Then I met Prince Khaloff, who had not been in France for a dozen years. We walked and talked together, and I told him all about the abandoned house, its slow destruction, and the thoughts it suggested. The prince burst into laughter.

"Decidedly, my dear fellow, you will never be anything but a poet. Basil is married again, the father of three children, and holds the office of First Secretary to the Russian Ambassador at Rome."

"The Count Lobanof is not dead!" I cried, stupefied.

"On my last visit to Rome he was as well as you or I."

"He did not go with the Jackson party? Oh, the perfidious man!" I cried, furious at my wasted sympathy. "I should have suspected him. It

seems that he forgot his dead love at once."

"Oh no," replied the prince. "Basil is not so guilty as that. Wild with grief after her death, he would, for good or bad go with the party, and he set out for Senegambia. But on the sixth day of their march he fell seriously ill and was taken to St. Louis by a caravan, in the greatest agony. There he recovered—but it was not his fault. His friends profited by his weakness and lack of energy to carry him back to Europe, and since then, after waiting a long time, he has consoled himself."

"But then the deserted house? What does that comedy signify?" asked I, in a bad humor.

"How severe you are, my dear!" replied the amiable Russian. "It is not a comedy, but it proves on the contrary, that the count is a man of honor. What did he promise? That as long as he lived no one should go under the roof which had sheltered his love. And he has kept his word, though it has cost him a great deal. Besides, who knows if he does not always mourn his delightful singer, and regret bitterly the evenings passed in that closed house, listening to the divinely sad music of that voice which caused him so much happiness, so much sorrow? All that I can tell you," added the prince with an ironical smile, "is that with a large fortune, a beautiful family, and a home in the Eternal City, a despairing love twelve years old ought to be endurable!"—Translated for Romance.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The whistling buoy can be heard about fifteen miles.

Asiatic cholera is the most rapidly fatal thing known to medical science.

Carriages propelled by electricity derived from a storage battery are common in Berlin.

A French physician reports a case of hiccough successfully treated by taking snuff until sneezing was provoked.

Lightning is most destructive in level, open country. Cities, with their numerous projections and wires, are comparatively exempt.

A total absence of butterfly life in England is noted. Beyond an occasional white butterfly, there are none to be seen this summer.

Irish potatoes in a store, with a cellar under them, will stand a temperature of ten degrees, and without a cellar a zero temperature will not hurt them.

Gardening ants collect pieces of vegetable and pile them up to rot in the dark interior of their nests until the rubbish is covered with a growth of fungus on which the ants feed.

People wink because the eye must be kept clean and moist, and by the action of the eyelids the fluid secreted by the glands of the eyes is spread equally over the surface of the globe.

The greatest earthquake on record within the limits of the United States occurred in California in 1872. For ten days the ground was continuously agitated, not being perfectly quiet for as long as a single minute.

At the meeting of the German Congress of Natural Science in Vienna, Professor Boltzman delivered an interesting lecture on aerial locomotion. He predicted the greatest success for the application of aeroplanes.

Professor Roux, of Paris, at a recent hygienic congress at Budapest, asserted that in the Paris hospitals seventy-five per cent. of the children inoculated with Behring's anti-diphtheritic serum (taken from horses) were saved, while of those not inoculated sixty per cent. died and only forty per cent. survived.

Released Her Imprisoned Foot.

A woman crossing a network of railroad tracks in Long Island City not long ago stepped on a frog, which was unlocked, and pinioned her foot securely. There was possibly no danger from an approaching train, for there were many men about, but her position was not comfortable.

Her cries attracted assistance to her side, and the groups of men began suggesting first one thing, then another to release the foot. "Give a sudden jerk," suggested one. "Slide your foot forward," said another. The woman tried, but could not move her foot.

"No, that won't do," cried a third. "Get a crowbar. Get anything. We've got to pry it out." At this the woman became hysterical, and the men all grew nervous. Several ran up the track, and several down to signal any approaching train.

Just then, when the excitement was high, a railroad employe crossed the track, swinging a tin dinner pail. "What's the matter?" he asked of one of the crowd. The situation was explained to him. Everything had been tried, his informant said, and they were waiting for a crowbar.

"Why don't you unlase the shoe," he said, and taking a knife from his pocket he cut the laces. No one had thought of that, but the remedy was effectual, and in fifteen seconds the half fainting woman was able to pull her foot from the shoe, and a slight effort then released the latter.—New York Herald.

COUNTRY'S MOVIN'!

Say your say an' sing your song—
Country's movin' right along!
Spring or summer—hall or snow,
Country's always on the go!

Puffin', blowin',
Hot, or snowin',
Always goin',
Goin'!
Goin'!

Say your say by night an' day—
Country's happy on the way!
Softs o' weather, spite o' crops,
Always goin'—never stops!

Puffin', blowin',
Makes a showin',
Always goin',
Goin'!
Goin'!

Stormy skies, or weather fair,
Country's got the roadway clear
Storms may howl, or bells may chime,
Country's goin' all the time!

Puffin', blowin',
Reapin', sowin',
Always goin',
Goin'!
Goin'!

—Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Man wants but little here below—
Woman wants the rest.—Truth.

A man never knows how to be a son until he has become a father.—Acheson Globe.

With most people, success has a strong tendency to destroy belief in luck.—Puck.

He—"I hear that you are going abroad in a month?" She—"Not much—in a boat."—Truth.

He—"I'm telling you the honest truth." She—"Is there dishonest truth?"—Detroit Free Press.

Popularity is one of the most vague and undefined possessions that man acquires.—Milwaukee Journal.

When a man goes into business, everybody wonders "where on earth he got the money."—Acheson Globe.

This sweet old world is funny.
But we learn it by degrees:
The bees first steal the honey,
Then we steal it from the bees!
—Atlanta Constitution.

The trouble about the trials of this life is that a fellow always wants to render his own verdicts.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Visitor (discovering acquaintance)—"Hello, what are you here for?" Prisoner (briefly)—"For six months."—Detroit Free Press.

The Author—"I trust you enjoyed my play?" The Parvenu—"Yes, indeed. The entr'actes are so delightful."—Chicago Record.

Nor bruised nor bleeding was the man
Who near the car's front took a seat;
No broken bones had he, although
He'd fallen over forty feet.
—Puck.

"I want a position for my son as an editor?" "What are his qualifications?" "Failed in everything else."—Atlanta Constitution.

"Did you tell your mistress that I called yesterday when she was out?" Maid—"It wasn't necessary. She saw you coming."—Inter-Ocean.

"Flossie has accepted that horrid old Goldheap. What do you suppose she was thinking of?" Hettie—"Herself, dear."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Kashem—"Why don't you put a check to that fellow who is everlastingly dunning you?" Bilker—"What'd be the use? The bank wouldn't pay it."—Buffalo Courier.

Old Lady (proudly)—"My boy is a hustler all the time, but he is humping himself here lately." Visitor—"Is that so? What bicycle does he ride?"—Detroit Free Press.

Now all the college boys bestow
Upon their hair and muscle
Consummate care, because they know
In football they must hustle.
—Washington Star.

Minks—"There is one great objection to onions." Winks—"What's that?" "They are wholesome." "Do you consider that an objection?" "Certainly. People who are fond of them don't die half so soon as you'd like them to."—New York Weekly.

"Yes," said Mr. Jason, "I allow that women air the sentimental sex and all that sort of thing, but I've always noticed that when a couple get engaged it is the woman that first thinks of figgerin' out how they air to live on his salary."—Indianapolis Journal.

Indicative: "What makes you think Jack Youngley is going to propose to you?" "Why, we were dancing the other night and I complimented him upon the easy way in which he held me. 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'it's always easy for me to hold my own.'"—Brooklyn Life.

Grass Growing a Science.

Since grass growing has become a science and an art you may hire a man to create a lawn for you in a fifth of the time once thought necessary for such a creation. Thick and luxurious lawns are produced between spring and autumn, and a lawn of two years under the modern forcing process may easily rival one of five years under the old-fashioned system. Artificial stimulants and abundant water are responsible for the new order of things.—Chicago Herald.

Never idle.
"A million people out of work," says newspaper writing of these hard times. Added to this misfortune are the physical infirmities with which thousands have to bear. But there is one thing that is never idle; always at work, unconsciously in search of those thus distressed, it seeks to cure such and help them to grasp a chance when it comes. This is the mission of St. Jacobs Oil. Among the millions there are thousands suffering with rheumatism. For this it is a positive cure. Use it and there will be a thousand sufferers less and a thousand chances more to get work and hold it. Better times may come soon, and there is nothing like the great remedy for pain to help you out of painful troubles and into place again.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle does it.

No Italian girl can marry without a dowry.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N.Y.

Compressed air is used to drive certain Paris street cars.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts. 50 cts. \$1.

Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for test material, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Whole Family Helped

"My husband was troubled with rheumatism so that he could hardly lift his hand to his head, and also had severe pains in his stomach after eating. Four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cured him. Our son was all run down and Hood's Sarsaparilla built him up, and he gained 15 lbs. Our little boy Leon has also been given appetite, weight and strength by the medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me of dyspepsia, which I have had for 15 years and which is now entirely driven out of my system. Since taking Hood's I am better in every way." Mrs. H. K. JOHNSON, Lynde Centre, N. H.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are a solid cathartic. 25 cents.

P. N. U. 43

EASTMAN COLLEGE, FROTHINGHAM, N. Y. Offers both sexes the best of education. Healthful, best influence, elective studies. Superior instruction. Department of Bookkeeping and Business. Short-hand and Type-writing. English and Modern Languages. Penmanship. Drawing. The elementary branches, etc. NO VACATIONS. Positions obtained for competent students. Address: for Catalogue, CLARENCE C. GILVER, President, Frothingham, N. Y.

MARLIN Model 1893

Made in Italy and sold in California. The only repeater on the market for these cartridges.

Light REPEATING Rifle

Write for catalogue to The Marlin Fire Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., U.S.A.

PENSION JOHN W. HOBBS, Washington, D.C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. 15 years' experience. U.S. Pension Bureau. 15 years' experience. U.S. Pension Bureau.

WORLD'S FAIR HIGHEST AWARD

"SUPERIOR NUTRITION - THE LIFE"

IMPERIAL GRANUM

THE GREAT MEDICAL FOOD

Has justly acquired the reputation of being The Savior for INVALIDS and The Aged.

AN INCOMPARABLE ALIMENT FOR THE GROWING AND PROTECTING OF INFANTS AND CHILDREN

A superior nutritive in continued fevers. And a reliable remedial agent in all gastric and enteric diseases; often in instances of convulsion over patients whose digestive organs were reduced to such a low and sensitive condition that the IMPERIAL GRANUM was the only nutriment the stomach would tolerate when LIFE seemed depending on its retention.

And as a FOOD it would be difficult to conceive of anything more palatable.

Sold by DRUGGISTS. Shipping Depot, JOHN CABLE & SONS, New York.

25c. 50c. \$1.

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HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

COOKING - THE GERMAN STYLE.

Many who have married German gentlemen would like to set before their husbands occasionally a genuine German dish if they knew how to prepare it. The recipes given here for good German cookery were obtained during a residence in Germany in the family of a notable housewife. They will prove agreeable additions to the general American menu.

For a favorite Teutonic dish take three pounds of the best beef, or, for a large company, four or six pounds.

Wash the meat and place it in a large jar or crock. Insert half a dozen cloves. Lay on top a bay leaf and one large onion, thinly sliced. Pour over the meat enough mild, boiling vinegar to nearly cover it, and close the jar with a plate.

Should the vinegar be very sharp, water it, as the taste of vinegar should not be too strong. The boiling of the vinegar is necessary, the albuminous coating thus formed retaining the meat juices.

In two days boil the vinegar again, and again pour it over the meat and cover, this time turning the beef. In from three to five days it is ready for use, and should be quite tender. Though three days are a long enough time, five are no injury.

Remove the meat from the jar and wash it free of the onions. Then cut pickled pork into very fine strips, as thick as a lead pencil and about three inches in length. With a sharp knife make deep incisions thickly over the top of the beef and thrust in the bits of pork. Turn and treat the other side similarly. Tie into shape with a strong cord.

Place in a deep kettle a piece of butter the size of an egg, and when hot put in the meat. In a moment's time turn it and add enough boiling water to nearly cover it. Close the kettle tightly. Boil frequently with its own liquors and cook with a good fire three hours and not a moment less; an extra half hour is preferable.

The gravy is made by a flour thickening, and a cup or half a cup of sour cream added.

After having gone through this process once sauer braten will be found to be an easy dish and one that will repay all trouble. It is excellent sliced cold. To keep it moist and tender turn over it the remaining gravy, cover and set in a cool place. — New York Press.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Milk applied once a week with a soft cloth freshens and preserves boots and shoes.

Acid phosphate will remove ink stains from the hands when everything else fails.

One of the easiest ways of taking cold is to drop asleep without an extra wrap over the shoulders.

Canned sardines carefully browned on a double wire gridiron and served with lemon are appetizing.

These are the days when extra care should be taken to keep the feet perfectly dry. A fresh pair of stockings should be used every day.

When an elderdown comfortable has got hard and lost all its elasticity, hang it in the cool, balmy sun for a few hours, and all the life will come back to it.

Calicoes, gingham and chambrays cannot be properly washed along with the white clothes. They need a much quicker process, and the long delays of an ordinary wash day would ruin them.

Wall paper samples are deceptive. Never select from them. They will make your room look smaller, quite often, though they had not that effect in the sample. Select from the roll and have several strung out at once, so that you may get the full effect.

When you have strained your plain boiled potatoes, take them at once to the open door or window and give them a vigorous shaking in the draught. They will become white and mealy. Try it once, and you will do it always, so great is the improvement.

If you have many short stemmed flowers to arrange it is well to fill a low dish with damp moss, then with a sharp stick dibble holes in the moss and insert the stems. When the flowers have faded the moss may be dried and used again. Fancies show to better advantage in this way than in any other.

Do you wish to make gruel for a sick friend? Take corn meal and sift it into a quart of boiling water, stirring it until it is of the consistency of cream. Add salt to flavor, and let it simmer for half an hour or longer; then run it through a fine sieve. Have in a bowl a little cream or rich milk. Pour your boiling gruel into it, and you have a drink a sick person ought to relish.

White muslin gloves may be cleaned by using dry pipe clay and an old tooth brush. White cloth such as is worn on military uniforms can be cleaned in the same way. Wet the clay and rub it vigorously. It will make an awful looking mess at first, and you think that you have ruined the cloth, but just rinse out the brush and scrub the cloth with fresh water, and it will come out looking all right.

Snail Eating.

We shall never, in all likelihood, grow to share the French taste for edible snail, though the big escargot is common enough in many parts of England, where tradition says they were introduced by the Romans, and still live on round the sites of their villas. The escargot is really at its best when taken in the vineyards at the end of March and the beginning of April. They live on the shoots of the vines, and during the winter bury themselves in the ground, during which time, like the souls hung up to air in hades, they are purged of all gross humors before they return to enjoy themselves in the Elysian fields in spring.

Cooking the snails is not an easy matter. They are drawn from the shell, which is then carefully scrubbed and washed. Their heads are cut off, and they are well soaked in salt and water, then returned to the shell, which is stopped with parsley butter and laid to simmer in a hot dish over the fire. An enthusiast sent the writer some dozens, taken at the right season, from his vineyard in Burgundy, with a few bottles of red and white wine (Corton) made from the juice of the grapes from the vines on which they had fed, in order, as he said, that "the snails when eaten might find themselves on vines de cognac-sauce." The combination was excellent, and, though there may be two opinions about the flavor of the escargot, there is no doubt that both in taste and substance it is an edible unlike any other known. The Wiltshire people, especially the population of Swindon, eat the large garden snails as a common dainty. — The Spectator.

THE WINE INDUSTRY.

Some Figures on the Products of European Vineyards.

Viticulture in this country represents only about one-twentieth of the product of France or Italy. France leads in quantity produced, and Italy in area of vineyards. The vintage of 1874 was the greatest ever known in France, the product exceeding 1,800,000,000 gallons, although fiercely attacked by the phylloxera. The yield declined rapidly, and has not risen to 700,000,000 in many years; yet rose last year to 1,125,000,000 gallons. In 1877, the acreage was 5,866,242; in 1892, only 4,527,500; but last year an increase of about 25,000 acres occurred. There are no vineyards in the northern countries of Europe—the British Isles, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium. A recent statistical statement credits Europe with 23,000,000 acres in vineyards, and all other parts of the world with 1,000,000 acres—a very round and doubtless uncertain estimate. The total area of Italian vineyards is placed at 8,666,000 acres. The average production of the past ten years, in millions of gallons, is thus stated: France, 681; Italy, 630; Spain, 562; Austria, Hungary, and Germany, 83; Portugal, 78; Russia, 72; Serbia, 60; Bulgaria, 56; Turkey and Cyprus, 45; Roumania, 40; Greece, 31; Switzerland, 22.

The larger part of the product of the United States is on the Pacific coast, where alone the European vines will grow. On the Atlantic coast, by far the greater portion of the product comes from the vineyards of Western New York.

Temper of Horses.

The supply of horses in India is essentially by importation, and though the Arab of Najd may know if he have a promising colt that a market is to be found for him among dealers



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers, and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c. and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A PASSION IN THEIR BLOOD.

City People Can Seldom Endure a Country Life.

It is not only the people with money that are attached to the cities; what charitable worker has not experienced the difficulties involved in tempting the poor into the country? "Oh, ma'am, it's so lonesome, here, and there's so many cows to chase you!" wailed one wretched woman who had been taken out of a squalid tenement and placed in a clean, comfortable room, with a prospect of good wages, in a little village. She sickened for her crowded street, and the hand-organs and monkeys, and the motley procession surging past her window; sickened as miserably as the Swiss for his mountains.

There was an agreeable man, a workingman, who passed so much of his time in the Liberal Arts building that I came to know his face; he used to hold arguments with a man in clerical dress on the subject of the unions, and he spoke with so much moderation, such a broad charity, and withal so shrewd a humor, that, far as I am from his household of faith, I could not sympathize with his opponent's discomfiture. Rather, I thought, "Were all labor organizers like you, employers would do well to treat with the unions."

This agreeable man once spoke about the attachment of the poor to the great cities. "I have felt it myself," said he; "I moved into the country, and came in on a train every day but it was for the children's sake, just that. There isn't a day, especially in the evening, that I don't miss the streets. That's what I tell my wife. I don't want the children to grow up with that passion for the city in their blood. I'm raising some vegetables at great expense, so as to get them in the way of loving things that grow. But I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks myself. You see, there is excitement all the time in the street, and something to see and to hear. Besides, if a fellow is not big himself, he likes to belong to something big. See?" — Octave Thanet, in Scribner.

A Keen Retort.

The following keen retort is attributed to the French artist, Couture:

A man stepped in front of him whom he recognized as having known a quarter of a century before.

"Do you not know me?" he asked.

"They say I have not changed."

"That is exactly the reason," replied Couture, quickly, "why I do not know you."

TIME creeps at morn, walks at noon, runs at eve and flies at night.

WE WILL MAIL POSTPAID. A New Picture, entitled "MEDITATION" in exchange for 14 Large Lion Cuffs, cut from Lion Coffee wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp to pay postage. Write or list of our other fine premiums, including books, a knife, game, etc. WOOLSON PRICE CO., 430 Huron St., Toledo, Ohio.

THE "LINENE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind. They fit well, wear well and look well. A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address: REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY, 77 Franklin St., New York. E. Kelly St., Boston.

PATENTS TRADE MARKS Examination of Invention. Send for Inventory in or how to get a patent. PATRICK O'FARRELL, WASHINGTON, D.C.

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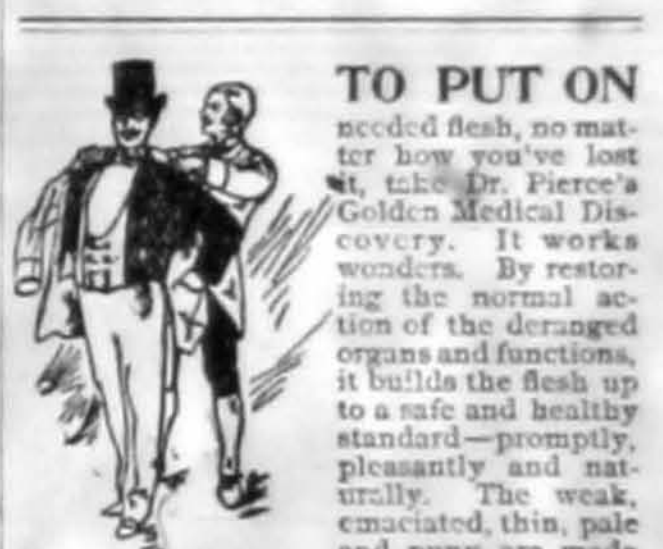
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Why Not Fire-proof and Bullet-Proof?

A very interesting suggestion has been made that firemen's uniforms should be made out of the new asbestos cloth, and I should say it deserves very serious attention. Samples of the cloth which have been submitted show it to be quite as light and pliable as ordinary woolen cloth of close texture and heavy weight. There is no doubt about its being practically fire-proof, and its cost is not prohibitive. The proportion of fires wherein firemen are suffocated are small. The men suffer more from burns caused by scorched or blazing clothes. With the policemen in bullet-proof garments and the firemen in asbestos, we might consider ourselves pretty safe from the spread of anarchy by torch or bomb. — New York Press.



strong, plump, round and rosy. Nothing so effective as a strength restorer and flesh maker is known to medical science; this puts on healthy flesh not the fat of cod liver oil and its filthy compounds. It raises every organ of the body to activity, purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood so that the body feels refreshed and strengthened. If you are too thin, too weak, too nervous, it may be that the food assimilation is at fault. A certain amount of bile is necessary for the reception of the fat foods in the blood. Too often the liver holds back this element which would help digestion. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery stimulates, tones up and invigorates the liver, nourishes the blood, and the muscles, stomach and nerves get the rich blood they require.

Spent Hundreds of Dollars with no Benefit.

M. J. COLEMAN of St. Vincent St., Roxbury, Mass., writes: "After suffering from dyspepsia and constipation with untold agony for at least 18 months, I am more than pleased to say that after using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Fountain of Life' for one month, I was entirely cured, and from that day to this I do not know, thank God, what even a slight headache is. I paid a doctor on Tremont St., Boston, in one day (for his advice only) the sum of \$10.00 with \$3.00 for medicine, and derived no benefit. I got more relief in one hour from your medicines, as far as my stomach was concerned, than from all the other medicine I used."

If any person who reads this is suffering from dyspepsia or constipation and will use your medicine as I have done, he will never regret it."

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, Feb. 1, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year \$1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post-office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

FRANCE for the first time has a Protestant President.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, the great English statesman, is dead in the forty-sixth year of his age.

WHEELING, in its city election, went overwhelmingly Republican. The Register, however, says that Democrats will be allowed on the streets after dark, by way of consolation.

"LOVE laughed at the wheigh-master" when Miss Gertie Platt, weighing 495 pounds, was united in marriage to Mr. John W. Coffee weighing 56 pounds, in New York, last Thursday.

THE legislatures of New York, Massachusetts, and Kentucky are considering bills to reduce the big hats of ladies at the theaters, which obstruct the view of "one or more" persons who have paid to see the show. A bill to reduce big heads in the morning would suit Kentucky better. The bills are not ridiculous from a theater goer's point of view. On this line is the anecdote of the man at the theater who asked a beautiful girl in front of him "How can I see the stage for your hat? This show is worth \$1.50 to me." The girl replied, "Why do you want to look at a show worth \$1.50, when you can see a hat worth \$35?"

"NOTHING goes long in this town" is the complaint made in every small town in the State, and our own is no exception. It may be church work, a literary society, an incorporation, a farmer's alliance, or anything requiring a concerted action. At first every one is eager and great hopes are entertained of having struck something that will prosper and add new interest to life. After a few meetings it is found that the attendance is decreasing; some have taken too little part in the work and others too much; finally the project is found to be dead, and something else is gotten up. Something needs to strike us to stir us up a little.

For the Times.

On Winter.

The poet keen for winter, you know,
Is conjured by the "beautiful snow,"
A landscape of white,
The queen of the night,
And "Boreas" out on a blow.
We swear like a trooper, forsooth!
With a thumping big pain in our tooth,
Confined to our bed,
With a cold in our head,
We're supposed to be telling the truth.
He loves all its "varying phases,"
The "crystals" come in for his praises,
A lonely icicle
His tendencies tickle,
And up goes the tail of Pegasus.
Oh, the winter may do for some classes,
But our comfort it sorely harasses—
With our cows on the die,
And roughness so high,
You may say it is hard on the masses,
etc.

Snake's Comet.

Next Monday, February 4th, an important event is looked for in astronomical circles. Snake's comet will be at its nearest point to the sun. Then it will begin to recede, and finally it will disappear from the view of the most searching and powerful telescopes. Still it will not be out of the solar system, indeed not so far away as the planet Jupiter. Owing to something peculiar in its motion it will be observed with more than ordinary interest by scientists. Passing as it did near Mercury in 1891 the effect of this planet in retarding its motion will give a more correct idea of its density than learned men have been able to discover heretofore.

The Legislature.

They will not drop the Virginia State Debt question. The best and truest thing that Governor MacCorkle ever said was in an official paper to the effect that West Virginia did not owe one dollar of that debt "in law or in equity." The best plan to pursue is to let it strictly alone. To assume the fifteen or sixteen millions apportioned to us would be to put an average debt of over \$100 on the head of every family, or more than twenty dollars on every man, woman, and child in the State. It would be worse than the plagues of Egypt. And the miserable Legislature will not keep off the dangerous subject, while a poor citizen views the proceedings with the gravest apprehension, with no relief but to "cuss" the whole caboodle most heartily. This portion of the old State never received in improvements what it had paid in taxes, and as Virginia will never pay us anything, what good is it to confer with her?

Dr. Mooman has exchanged his place on the Committee on Railroads for a position on the Committee of Education. Our Representative has always been very much interested in the subject of free schools, and we dare say that his work on this committee will be very congenial to him.

Dr. Mooman has introduced a bill (House Bill No. 178) concerning the deer law. What the substance of the bill is we have been unable to discover.

Logan County, recently divided to form the new county of Mingo, is in a terrible fix. Two of the three County Commissioners live in the new county, and it will tax the ingenuity of the lawyers to know exactly how to supply their places so that they can repair the damages caused by the division.

The vote for Senator on joint ballot was; Elkins 60, Camden 29, Wirt R. Neal, of the Populist, or as it is called in other lands, the "American Socialist-Agrarian Party," 2, with two members not voting.

The proposed system of working convicts on the public roads, known as the Edwards' Road Bill, has received a death blow in the report of the superintendent of the penitentiary who claims that it will cost \$90,000 per year to sustain the convicts under this law.

A law enabling the employees of a lumber jobber to retain a lien on the forest products manufactured by them, is needed, and the bill proposing this measure should become a law. This would be no drawback to the honest operator, and would checkmate the adventurer. West Virginians will trust any one, provided he is a stranger.

One bill provides that the county officers shall receive a fixed salary, turning the fees over to the State. This bill would suit the clerks of this county, as it provides them with the handsome salary of \$1000 each. The same amount to the Sheriff who is compelled to give a \$75,000 bond is not enough.

House Bill No. 196 provides that dogs shall become personal property, so that all you dog-stealers may abandon your evil ways. They would then be taxed, no doubt, and we will be more careful how we say that "we would not take fifty dollars for that dog" for fear he will be so rated by the assessor. Hitherto the dog has occupied much the same position as the Indian (not taxed), and the negro (not counted.)

Murder in Monroe.

Last week a well known citizen of Monroe County, being displeased at a youth for marked attentions to his daughter (the parties going to the same school), was killed at the school house in an altercation with the boy. The dead body remained in the school house during the day, and the teacher, a lady, proceeded with the regular routine as if nothing had happened. Taken in all its aspects this is one of the most sensational occurrences that has ever happened in our State.

Bargains!

ON FEBRUARY 1ST

I WILL BEGIN TO CLOSE OUT MY ENTIRE STOCK OF WINTER GOODS FOR ACTUAL COST, For Cash.

Come in and get goods in price lower than you have ever seen them. Clothing, Overcoats, Boots, Shoes, Men's Woolen Shirts, Blankets, Dress Goods, in fact every thing you need.

THESE GOODS

Must Be Closed Out

BEFORE MY SPRING STOCK COMES IN.

—I MEAN BUSINESS—

And will convince you that my prices are lower than you can buy elsewhere in the county.

VERY TRULY YOURS

MARLINTON, W. VA.

S. W. HOLT.

SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS.

The Deputy-Sheriff Holds up a Black Pair, for Which he will lay Claim to the \$200 Reward for the Arrest and Conviction of the Robbers who Broke into Capt. Edgar's House Last January.

Within the last three or four years there have been three most atrocious robberies committed in the southern part of this county, of which no conviction of the criminals has been made. The first was in the fall of 1891, when R. E. Overholt & Son's store was broken in, and the negro Bill Underwood killed in an affray with the burglar. The second was an attack made on Mr. N. J. Brown, in February, 1892, in his store at Mill Point one night, in which he was clubbed and robbed of over \$500. The last occurrence of this sort was when Capt. Edgar's house, at Academy, was broken in, the inmates held in duress, while the house was searched and robbed of a considerable sum of money, in January, 1894.

Though two years intervened between the Brown and the Edgar robberies, the manner in which they were carried out leaves every one to believe they were both the work of the same gang. In both two men participated, blacked and of the same general description, both were committed early in the night, and on both nights horses were stolen from neighboring barns and ridden towards the railroad.

So on last Friday evening when a suspicious looking pair of negroes passed through the Levels, evidently seeking to escape notice, and were muffled up though the day was not particularly cold, Deputy Burns decided to take them in. He overtook them about dark at Mill Point and arrested them. They gave their names as Alex. Armstrong and Frank Cumberland. On being searched, a revolver was found on each of them, and on Armstrong a billy, and a bottle of vaseline, and a bottle of gunpowder, evidently intended to disguise the face and hands by blackening.

The negroes were taken to Capt. Edgar's where they were guarded over night. When the robbery was committed one of the men fired a ball through the ceiling of the room. It has been reported here that when these men were taken into that room, which is a large, high-pitched apartment, the negro Armstrong instinctively looked up at the place where the ball had hit, seeking it out the moment he entered. This was very noticeable.

At a preliminary examination held last Saturday, which was attended by Prosecuting Attorney McClintic, the negroes were sent on to await the action of the grand jury, on the evidence of Capt. Edgar and others.

If these parties are convicted the Deputy-Sheriff will be entitled to the reward of \$200 offered by the County Court. The accused were lodged in jail at Huntersville last Saturday night.

Peerless Feed Grinder.

It will last a lifetime. One horse power sufficient. Grinds any grain, either just merely cracking it, or fine enough to make family meal. Every big farmer is buying one. References, R. W. Hill, C. E. Beard, Lee Beard, G. W. Callison, Frank Hill, Geo. W. Whiting, Wm. Callison, and J. H. McNeel, Academy. Am making a canvass of the county and will call on you in a short time. Price in reach of all. Agency for Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties. Light sold in one day. For particulars, write to

R. M. BEARD, Academy, W. Va. 1250m

J. A. SHARP & CO.

—Have Established a Firstclass—

Harness and Saddlery Store and Shop,

—AT—

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Something that has been needed in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade. At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.

Is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on shortest notice.

Successors of G. F. Crummett, who is employed by the firm.

MARLINTON HOUSE.

Located near Court House.

Terms.

per day 1.00
per meal 25
lodging 25

Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed. Special rates made by the week or month.

C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor.

PATTERSON SIMMONS.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Plasterer and Contractor. Work done on short notice.

C. B. SWECKER.

General Auctioneer

and Real Estate Agent.

Real Estate, Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished. Postoffice - Danmore, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

M. F. GIESEY.

Architect and Superintendent.

Room 19, Kelly Block.

Wheeling, W. Va.

E. H. Smith,

PRESCRIPTION

DRUGGIST,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

—DEALER IN—

Drugs, Paints and Oils,

Varnishes, Patent Medicines, etc., etc., etc.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, day or night. A competent Pharmacist will have charge of the Prescription Department.

We invite everybody and promise close prices and polite attention.

At E. A. Smith & Son's Old Stand.

J. D. PULLIN & CO.

—RETAIL—

Marlinton Grocery

—HOUSE—

The only store in the county making Groceries a Specialty.

Come to us for what you want to eat, and lay in your season's supplies.

All our stock is fresh and good and you will price goods to your own advantage.

Our Five and Ten cent counters are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give the public the means of buying everything in the grocery line. Orders from a distance given special attention.

All country produce taken. J. D. PULLIN & CO.

FEED, LIVERY

—AND—

SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddlery Horses Provided.

Horses for Sale and Hire.

SPECIAL ACCOMMODATIONS FOR STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boarded.

All persons having horses to trade are invited to call. Young horses broken to ride or work.

J. H. G. WILSON, Marlinton, W. Va.

FIRE FIRE

Insure against loss in the

Peabody Insurance Co., WHEELING, W. VA.

Incorporated March, 1893.

Cash Capital \$100,000.00.

N. C. McNEIL, MARLINTON, W. VA.

BLACKSMITHING

AND

Wagon Repairs.

C. Z. HEVNER.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Shops situated at the Junction of Main Street and Dusty Avenue, opposite the postoffice.

For Sale.

I wish to sell my farm 34 miles from Marlinton on Greenbrier River, this County. This farm is well adapted to farming or grazing. About 80 acres improved and about 250 acres unimproved; a greater part of this is finely timbered with oak and hemlock.

Title indisputable. Price and terms reasonable. A good bargain offered. For further particulars call on or address URBAN BIRD, Marlinton, W. Va.

A good many chancery suits were started for February rules.

Hon. B. F. Martin, ex-Congressman, of Grafton, is dead.

See S. W. Holt's announcement in another column.

Capt. John Peters piloted a raft through the chute of the splash dam the other day, the first time it has been done.

It is reported that a man named Arbogast froze to death near Circleville, in Pendleton County, recently.

Three hundred and twenty-one bills had been introduced into the Legislature up to last Saturday, the result of the first fifteen days' work.

S. W. Holt begins to-day to put down his winter stock at low-water mark to clear it out for his spring goods.

An old lady of near 80 years, living near Marlinton, has never been farther away from her home than to Hillsboro, a distance of eleven miles.

Married, near Jacox, January 16, 1895, by Rev S. C. Morgan, Mr. Benjamin F. Clark, of Greenbrier, and Miss Nannie Dean, second daughter of Joseph B. Dean.

The weather in this part of the world is still very cold and winter-like. The farmers are already wishing they had mowed closer to the ground or cut out a few more fence corners last summer.

About 8,000,000 feet of lumber will be driven down Knapp's Creek this spring. There will be two drives. The first will be ready to commence in two or three weeks. A good many logs are already in the creek between Driscoll and Marlinton.

George S. Taylor, a good blacksmith, has bought the old Indian Draft school-house and will set up at that place. For the last two years he has lived at Huttonsville, in Randolph County, where his family were much troubled with sickness.

There will be shooting match at Wm. Gibson's barn on Elk, next Tuesday. The principle prize is a Winchester rifle. The match will be formed among the marksmen present, who will each use his own rifle. Distance, sixty yards with rest or forty yards off-hand. Rules will be adopted by the marksmen to govern the proceedings on the day of meeting.

A sort of distemper is very prevalent among the horses just now. A veteran in the horse line gives this remedy: Put a little indigo in a rag, and water the horse with water which has been discolored by dipping the indigo in it. To get the horse to drink, it is necessary to water him from a bucket, and to offer him no water but what has been treated in this manner.

From a letter from Lexington, Va., in a recent issue of the *Staunton News* we learn that Levi Gay, Esq., has recently purchased, at \$6,000, the fine old Dunlap farm on Kerr's Creek in Rockbridge county, containing about 347 acres. Whether Mr. Gay proposes to move to Rockbridge or not, we have not learned. If so, Pocahontas will lose a prominent, public spirited and valuable citizen.—*Greenbrier Independent*.—Mr. Gay informs us that he is not going to move to Rockbridge as long as we let him stay here, and unless he changes a good deal, his presence will be endured.

Do not forget that next Saturday is ground-hog day. If on that day the sun shines enough for the ground-hog to see his shadow the winter will close down on us for six more weeks. If it is a cloudy day throughout the winter is broken, and we can look for warmer weather. The ground-hogs, which have been hibernating in their burrows, awake and come out to make their observations. If they do not see their shadows they do not go to bed again, but if the sun is shining they take another sleep of six weeks. It is very odd that what the sun shines at some time during a winter day, and there is always enough bad weather to justify the belief, after the 2nd day of February.

When work or material is furnished a strange contractor on time, and unlimited credit is given him, presently that contractor throws up the job, and leaves his creditors behind him. A very sad incidence of this way of doing business happened recently at Marlinton, which we cannot mention more specifically now. These creditors are in very much the same state of mystification about the funds available, as are the creditors of a certain railroad company in Randolph, in which over a hundred citizens lost sums varying from \$30 up to \$2,500. The *Elkins News* says, "The whole matter is in the courts and the lawyers and the corporation are writing it up in different phases; they have got to a point where a common laborer cannot exactly understand the run of the matter, viz: Captain Potts told Colonel Bullock that O. C. Womelsdorff said Mr. Anandale heard Senator Scott tell Lawyer Talbot that Judge Hoke believed that Dr. Yokum thought Col. Brown was sure that L. D. Strader and Balis Ward heard Judge Finley say that President Diller knew there was no available funds in the treasury of the Roaring Creek and Charleston R. R. Company, for the time being."

ED. TIMES: I have been mentioned as attending a 'Bag-party.' What am I doing there? COLORED SUBSCRIBER.—We have heard a "bag-party" defined as being the occasion when one or more persons take bags and go out and fill them with grain or poultry from other people's preserves. The proper time for holding one is any time after midnight. The "darky's hour" is especially adapted to a bag party. This is the most popular season of the year. Some people carry the thing to excess and live to regret it. Never be caught attending one.

The court-house contractors claim that they have secured some of the prettiest oak for finishing the court-house they have ever seen. The oak cost them six dollars per thousand, and they inform us that if they had bought it in a city that it would have cost about sixty dollars per thousand. The oak is all first class.

We thankfully acknowledge the receipt of valuable reports and public documents from Auditor Johnson, Governor MacCorkle, Labor Commissioner Sydenstricker, State Superintendent Lewis, Adjutant General Holley, and Attorney General Riley.

Reports from the neighboring counties are to the effect that the Sheriffs are finding it almost impossible to collect enough taxes to pay the school drafts. This county is no exception.

Mr. H. A. Yeager has qualified as postmaster at this place and will take charge of the same the first day of February. The postoffice will be located near the East end of the county bridge.

If you believe in keeping comfortable, come to S. W. Holt's for Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Dress Goods—all lower than the lowest.

The Cumberland Lumber Co., will drive its logs to Ronceverte this year. The arks are being put in near Dunmore.

Col. Meachan's Railroad.

This road is to come to this point from Harrisonburg, Va. It utilizes the old narrow gauge grade extending into Highland. It crosses the Alleghany near Frost and follows the course of Knapp's Creek to its mouth. The pass through the Alleghany is considered one of the most practicable routes through that mountain. Last week a public meeting was held in Harrisonburg to consider the advisability of subscribing \$150,000 to its construction, as it threatens to leave the county to its right if this is not done. The proposition was met with universal favor by all present. The money, if paid, is subscribed on the condition that the road is to be completed before payment, and by January 1st, 1897. That will put us off several years later, but think how much sooner it will reach Marlinton than the Ohio River, toward which it is building.

When everybody can reform everybody else the law of promise will be a statute.

ARRESTED!

Our Hillsboro Correspondent gives the particulars of the arrest of the two Negroes.

HILLSBORO, W. VA., Jan. 29, 1895.—On last Friday, Jasper Payne while on his way from the railroad was passed by two colored men near Falling Spring, coming this way walking; one of them he recognized as Alex. Armstrong who formerly lived in this neighborhood. Knowing that Armstrong had been suspected of having a hand in the robbery of Capt. A. M. Edgar about that time in '94, it occurred to him that the people here would like to apprehend him, so he went to Mr. Thomas Edgar, living near Falling Spring, and put him in possession of what he knew. Mr. Edgar immediately set out for this place, and arriving considerably in advance of Armstrong and his associate, made all necessary preparations for their arrest. They reached this place about dark, and were allowed to pass through. Shortly afterward Deputy Sheriff E. K. Barnes with three men started after them and overtaking them near Marvin Chapel, he called on them to throw up their hands which they did after some hesitation. They were told that they were suspected of the robbery of Capt. Edgar in January, '94 and placed under arrest. A search of their persons brought to light, two revolvers, a mace, some gunpowder and a box of vaseline. Armstrong, who told different parties on his way here, that his name was Biggs, now gave his true name and that of his associate, whom he said was Cumberland. The officers brought them back to Capt. Edgar's where they were kept during the night. The next day (Saturday) Pros. Attorney L. M. McClintic, who had been sent for, arrived, and the prisoners were brought to the H. M. & F. Academy, for a preliminary hearing before Justice G. R. Curry.

Considerable excitement prevailed, and old and young, big and little from the town and surrounding country, eager to see and hear, filled the building to its utmost capacity.

The testimony of Capt. and Mrs. Edgar, Mrs. Isaac Smith and daughter, Mr. Edgar Beard, Chas. Lee and Edward Stewart, was now taken. Capt. and Mrs. Edgar testified that in many ways the men bore a strong resemblance to the parties who robbed them in January '94, and that they believed that they were the same men. Mrs. Isaac Smith and daughter, testified that they were very much like the men who ate breakfast with them a short time before the robbery, and that they believed that they were the same men. The other witnesses testified that they bore a marked resemblance to the men they had seen in the neighborhood just before the robbery. Chas. Lee (colored) stated that "They filled the bill exactly."

Justice Curry finding the evidence sufficient to hold the prisoners, and they not being able to defend themselves or give bail, sent them to jail to await the action of the next grand jury court. Cumberland who was traveling with Armstrong has a repulsive face stoops a little when he walks, and talks incoherently. He says that he can prove himself clear, and that he and Armstrong were on their way to Bath county, Va., to visit friends.

Armstrong, a bright mulatto, stoutly built, and a smooth talker is well known here, having lived here for a good many years. He was born in Highland county, Va., and brought here when he was quite young. He lived here until about 12 years ago, when he went to Marietta, Ohio. There he claims he has been since that time. For some time he has borne an unsavory reputation, and his poor effort at self vindication at the trial, and his covert way of coming into the country, all tend to strengthen the belief of many persons here, that he is guilty of the crime with which he is charged.

SOCIETY ITEM.
On the 14th, day of February (St. Valentine's day) Misses Jessie and Lucy Reusick will give an entertainment for the young people. They promise something different from the ordinary run of entertainments and no doubt all who attend will have much fun and enjoyment.

NEW SORT OF FIG.
Andrew Carter living near this

place owns a pig about two months old, with two well developed tails. This is not a fabrication, but a living reality, and Carter will take pleasure in showing all doubting persons this wonderful freak of nature. "JENKINS."

Personal.
It is reported that Mr. Washington Moore, of Sunset, is seriously ill. Also his son, Points, is much complaining.
Messrs. E. I. Holt and N. J. Brown, of the Levels, made a trip to Randolph County, last week.
Mr. G. H. McLaughlin has returned from a visit to Greenbrier County.
Mr. Charles Steinmeyer is stopping with Captain Smith.
Mr. J. C. Gay made this town a business visit last Monday.
Mr. Will Harper, of Sunset, was in town on Tuesday.

AT HUNTERSVILLE.
H. P. McLaughlin, Esq., of Huntersville, was here on Tuesday. His family has been visited with a scourge of typhoid fever. He reports his boys as well, and his wife able to be up and about.
Mrs. Lanty Herold has been quite ill, but is much better.
Mrs. Mary Barlow is somewhat improved in health, which was not so good some time since.
Dr. Austin, of Green Bank, spent Saturday night in Huntersville, on his way to Lewisburg to see his little girl, who is suffering from whooping cough.

Mrs. J. C. Loury has about recovered from her recent severe illness.
Mr. J. J. Beard is confined to his room.
The sympathies of this community were deeply aroused by the recent and sad decease of Miss Minnie McElwee, eldest daughter of Mr. Divers McElwee, of Driscoll. She was a very popular and estimable young lady. Her sufferings were very intense and protracted.

In Memoriam.
In memory of Minnie McElwee, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. McElwee, who departed this life January 12th, 1895, after an illness of several months. She was just blooming into womanhood, beloved by all who knew her. Her death, though expected, was a great shock to her many friends. Our loss is her eternal gain. Fully trusting in the promises of her Savior she passed away.
Tread softly, be still,
An angel has been our guest,
And borne the spirit of our darling
Home to the realms of rest.
She is sweetly asleep in Jesus,
Not a trace of care upon her brow,
A lovely rose on earth just blooming
But transplanted in heaven now.
Oh! the lovely, glorious visions
That her eyes do now behold,
And her feet so softly treading
O'er the streets of pearl and gold.
Weep not, mother, for thy jewel,
With God beyond the utmost star,
Think of her as a lovely angel
Holding the beautiful gates ajar.
A FRIEND.

FOR
if this notice should lead you to purchase your clothing, hats, caps and shoes of P. GOLDEN, it will not have been in vain
YOU
N. B. If you don't happen to see this notice, please call at my store between the hours of 7 a. m. and 11:30 p. m.

An Ecstasy.
From the Detroit Free Press.
She put her arms around his neck,
And for a season
He disappeared from earthly gaze,
As stars are hid in sunlit days:
Those lovely arms, so wondrous soft
and fair,
Were in those monstrous sleeves that
women wear—
That was the reason.

Notice to Taxpayers.
All parties whose tax remains unpaid, must make preparations to settle on my next call or give me property to satisfy same.

Respectfully,
R. K. BURNS,
Deputy-Sheriff.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Man, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Lobelia.
Cold and freezing; still good sleighing.
The sick are about well. Miss Susan Ray, of Bruffey's Creek has pneumonia but is improving.
A. L. Anderson's school closed on Beaver Dam, and he is at home again to help "papa" make sugar.
Rev. S. C. Morgan started to Elk to visit his daughter and friends.
The next quarterly meeting will be held the 4th Saturday and Sunday of February, at this place by Rev. R. R. Little P. E.
Mr. R. W. Hill is preparing to build a large barn where the other was burned last fall, with P. M. Townsend, sawyer.
Squire Bruffey is teaching a good school at Pleasant Valley.
G. P. Hill who has been sick for ten weeks is still unable to be out.
Some fox chasing, but no foxes killed yet.
PECULIAR ACCIDENT.
While Wm. Workman was returning from a hunt, driving his horse before him, the horse turned out of the path. He used his gun to guide it back. The gun was accidentally discharged, killing the animal instantly. One barrel of the gun burst and hurt one of his hands. This happened on Black Mountain.
MARBLE QUARRY.
We understand that Capt. McNeel has been offered \$30 per acre for his land underlaid with marble.
OBSERVER.

Dunmore.
Behold it snoweth! and the wind bloweth, and E. F. and C. O. Arbogast goeth to mill at Mill Point with two sled loads of wheat.
The drummers, English sparrows, and robins have made their appearance in our town.
Professor Adams is meeting with quite a success in his singing schools.
Mr. H. N. Moore was up for his bees this week.
C. P. Kerr, the American Constable, was in town this week.
Mr. Chris. McLaughlin is in the Levels this week with his best girl.
Mr. Percy Noel took Miss Josie Walker to the Levels last week.
Mr. Harry Taylor is off to Huttonsville for a new wagon.
George S. Taylor is moving to Edray.
Rev. E. F. Alexander was in town Sunday and Monday.
The sick are improving.
Mr. Phil Edmiston is home from the Davis lumber camp.
We understand the people are going to build a new church at Point Lookout, two miles above Green Bank.
OPOSSUM.

Green Bank.
Winter! Yes indeed, winter cold and favorable and warm and cloudy and clear and snowing and still snowing and feed is getting scarce but grain plenty.

Mr. Sam'l Sheets, of Dunmore, was in our town on Monday, but oh! so hard to part with, oh dear me! we won't tell.
Mr. J. C. Crowley was among his friends at this place Monday, and reports the snow as badly drifted on the top of Cheat.
Those on the sick list are Mrs. George Cooper, Mrs. E. O. Moore, Mr. Tom Patterson, Mr. George Rayburn and Mrs. J. O. Beard's little daughter. Dr. L. L. Little attending physician.

Messrs. C. O. Arbogast and E. F. Arbogast started to day for Mill Point for a load of flour.
We are glad to see Mr. George Rayburn out again after a severe illness.
We are glad to see Mr. Ellis Curry out again.
J. H. Curry is trying to work, but can do but little on account of his hand not being sound, he is having a bad time, and says he may have to go to the poor farm soon.
Prof. Adams is teaching a first class singing school at this place.
C.

NOTICE! I will offer for sale or rent, my store house and lot at Lobelia. A first class stand for a store. No opposition. Seven miles from Academy, and ten from Benick's Valley. Four miles from tarpole, and near the line of the R. & O. R. R. survey. A promising town.
Lobelia, W. Va. W. E. HILL.
Justice's blanks fifty cents per hundred. All job work neatly done.
Good bye till next week.